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Life





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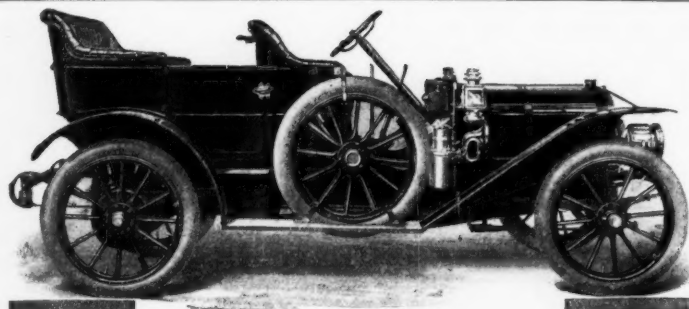
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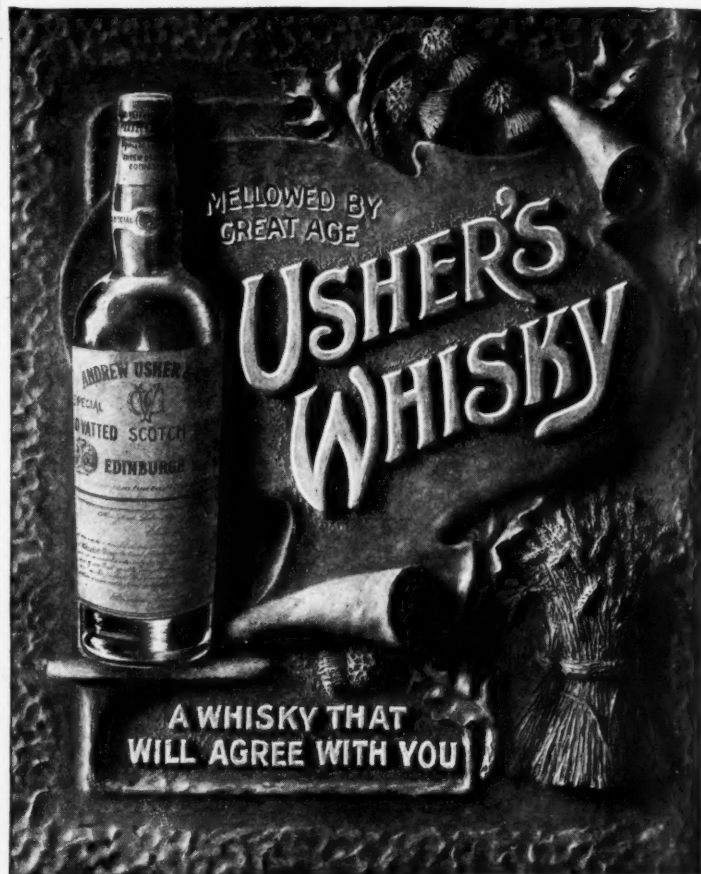
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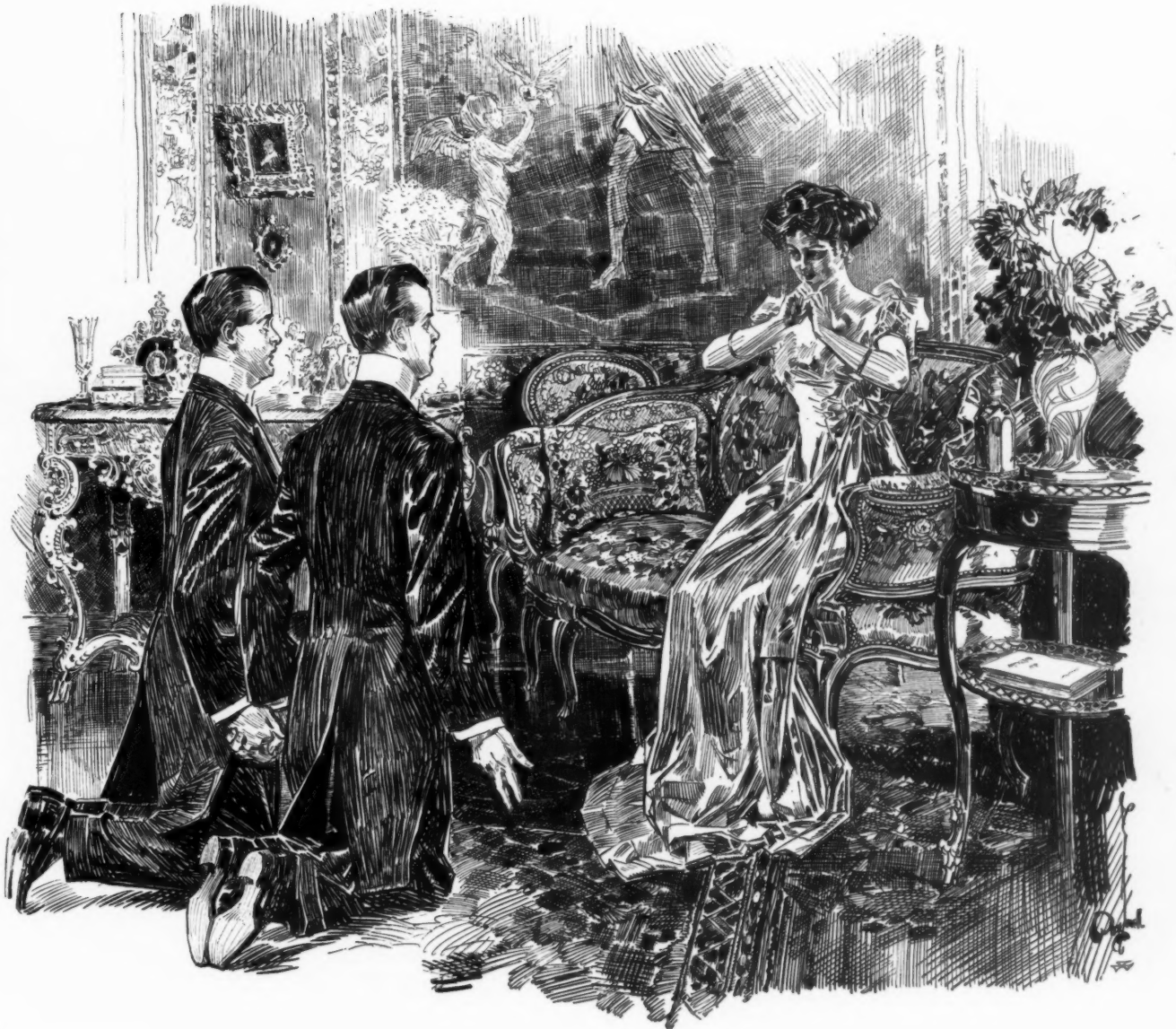
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THE TWINS, INSEPARABLE IN EVERYTHING, DECIDE TO MARRY



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIII APRIL 29, 1909 No. 1383

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



WITH the best disposition in the world toward artists and art, LIFE is constrained to dissent from the opinion of nearly all the members of the National Academy of Design that they ought to build an exhibition gallery on the present site of the Armory in Central Park. The site proposed is somewhat difficult to reach from the west side of the city, except by aeroplane, or other private conveyance, or afoot, the means of public conveyance East and West in that part of Manhattan Island being very rudimentary, expensive and inconvenient, and likely to remain so until Central Park has been pierced amidships with tunnels. Nevertheless the site is pleasant. If the city will give it to LIFE we shall be glad to move our office up there in the interests, not only of art, but of literature. The animals in the junior Zoo nearby will be handy for our artists to study, we shall like very much to work there in summer, and we will agree, if the land is given to us, to put up a building carefully restricted to the present dimensions of the existing Armory, so as not to disturb the tulip beds which are so great a source of joy there in the spring. The Academy plans to occupy from the start much more space than the Armory does, and would require, we understand, all the space that the two best tulip beds now take up.

Nevertheless, we don't expect to get that site for ourselves, and don't at all see why it should be given to the Academy of Design. Central Park is dedicated primarily to nature. Art has climbed into it, and usurped a large tract of its invaluable space at Eighty-second Street. That is enough; indeed

it is far too much. The Metropolitan Museum should never have been let into the Park, but it is there to stay and to grow. No other building of the sort, or of any other sort not clearly related and indispensable to the purposes of the Park, should be allowed inside of the Park's limits. The Academy's proposition is preposterous, and the fact that ninety-five per cent. of the members favor it, and that they have very nearly succeeded in persuading the Legislature and other authorities to let them carry it through, does not make it any the less preposterous, though in itself it is amazing.



EFFORTS to revise the tariff downward and the chauffeur upward go hand in hand. How the tariff will come out nobody ventures at this writing to predict, but there is a lot of public interest in the job, and that is encouraging. The consumer at times sets up a noise that can almost be described as a clamor, and it seems to get some hearing even in all the din of shrieks and frenzied appeals from the protected interests. There is a good, stout wrangle over lumber; the free-coal suggestion will not be defeated without a show-down; Littauer and Johnstown are having more trouble than usual over their philanthropic glove schedules; a great many women have been roused to enquire in whose interest and at whose pleasure they wear stockings. These are all encouraging symptoms, and behind them all is President Taft, whom everybody credits with a sincere purpose to get as good a bill as Congress can possibly pass. He and all Republicans who share his views have a strong argument in being able to point out the peril to their party of neglecting to do their duty while they have the chance. If there is not a decent approach to real revision, nobody can be sure that an effectual David will not come out of the Democratic camp and send his pebbles singing about the ears of High-Protection Goliath.

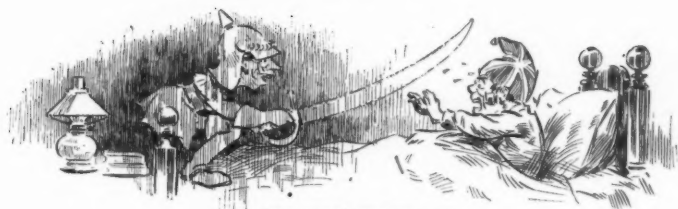
The revision of the chauffeurs, active especially in the City of New York, is going on with more certainty of success. To elevate them from the

condition of homicidal irresponsibility, to which they have grown used, is no small undertaking, but the need to make them fit to co-exist with the rest of society is so imperative that there cannot be doubt of the final issue. One hundred and ten persons have been killed by automobiles in the City of New York in the last fifteen months, and the estimate is that at least five times as many have been seriously hurt, but no one has been punished to amount to anything. It is obviously necessary that the inexpediency of running folks down should be brought home with increased emphasis both to drivers and owners of automobiles. The motor cars have come to stay, and are immensely useful, as well as dangerous, machines. The interest of every decent man who makes, owns or drives them is on the side of the enactment and enforcement of whatever laws are necessary to make motoring safe.



THE Audubon Society of New York State wants the Legislature to pass a bill amending existing laws so as to prohibit the sale, or possession for sale, in this State, of any part of the plumage, skin or body of any wild bird (except game birds and certain others) "irrespective of whether said bird was captured or killed within or without the State." The lines quoted are new, and constitute the change in the law that is desired. Without this change the law is defective and futile, since it is impossible to prevent traffic in the plumage of New York birds so long as dealers can assert that the feathers they offer came from outside the State. The law, as it is proposed to amend it, would give to birds of plumage the same sort of protection that is now given to game birds out of season.

The milliners and dealers in feathers naturally oppose the proposed amendment. Persons who wish to preserve the wild birds should favor it, and apprise their representatives at Albany of their feelings about it. There is no sound excuse for the immense waste of birds in hat trimmings.



JOHN BULL'S NIGHTMARE

April



THE TARIFF ON HOSIERY.



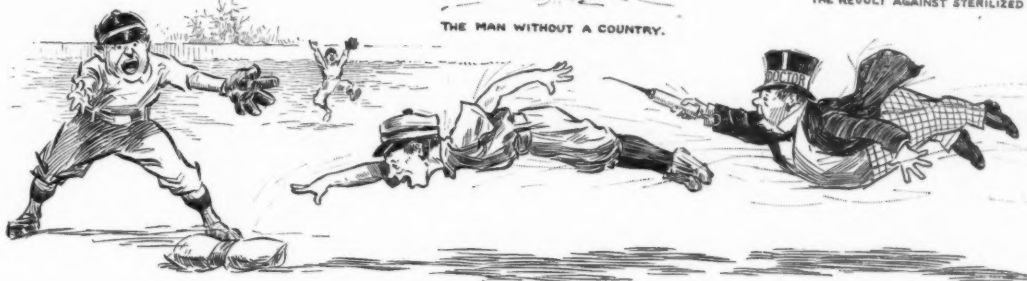
CHANGES IN TURKEY.



THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.



THE REVOLT AGAINST STERILIZED MILK.



VACCINATING THE "YANKS"

An Outsider



"HEALTH at last!"

Winkle, struggling with a large bundle, entered his wife's apartment, on his face a smile of supreme satisfaction.

As for Mrs. Winkle, she regarded the bundle with the suspicion born of

long experience.

"What have you been doing now?" she asked.

"Nothing much—only preparing myself against all forms of insidious disease, fortifying myself against every known germ, building myself up, making a new man out of myself."

"Tell me the worst, at once, and please don't keep me in suspense."

Winkle stopped unfastening the bundle, and came over to where his wife sat.

"You have probably heard," he said, "of the fresh air cure. You know that now it is advocated—I mean insisted upon—by practically every health board in the country. Indeed, no intelligent person can afford to neglect it. Here—"

Winkle spread out about twenty-five feet of canvas—"is one of the latest and most approved appliances."

"What do you propose to do with it?"

Winkle regarded his wife with ill feigned astonishment.

"Why, I propose, of course, to do what everyone else of any intelligence is doing—what all your friends are taking up, as you know. I propose to use it."

"Excuse me!"

Winkle was too much absorbed in his task to permit himself to be disturbed by any opposition.

"You see," he went on with the air of an accomplished demonstrator, "this goes on the back piazza. You attach these ends to the side of the house. Then, by means of these pulleys, you lower the shades to suit yourself."

"Where do you sleep?"

"In my little bed, of course. I came home early in order to move it out."

Mrs. Winkle was rapidly getting angry.

"Are you going to move your bed out on the piazza?" she demanded.

"I most certainly am."

"Are you aware how it will look?"

"No one can see it, with this superb

canopy—the latest triumph of science! What a lucky thing we have a back piazza!"

"Don't you think you would better wait? Why didn't you consult me first?"

Winkle whistled, in his amusement.

"Consult you!" he ejaculated, "why, my dear girl, you don't seem to realize that there is no time to lose. Here, just read this," and he took from his pocket the latest manifesto of the board of health. "Do you realize what it means to sleep in an enclosed room—even with the windows open? Why, the exhalations from the body spread in a circumference of twenty-four feet—I mean radius—in five minutes. Think of it! Germs everywhere. Now, if we breathe pure, fresh, outdoor air, we are immune. Understand? And do you think that I am going to risk my life for another night by sleeping under a roof?"

Mrs. Winkle shivered slightly.

"I guess," she said, "that you will find it pretty cold out there on that piazza. My dear, you will catch your death."

"Ha! I like that. Catch my death! Another one of those old time notions. I'm surprised that you shouldn't be more up to date. Don't you know that night air is the most curative thing on earth? Why, if it was worth while, I could show you statistics of hundreds of cases of pneumonia cured in an hour! And by what? Being out doors! Think of it! I can't wait to get there."

Winkle had his coat off, and was already working at taking down his bed. In the course of an hour he had the whole apparatus rigged up on the rear porch. It certainly did look inviting. He dragged his wife out to view it.

"There!" he exclaimed, "Isn't that perfect? Just think, my dear girl, what this means to me."

"Umph! I'm thinking of what it will mean to me if you get cold, and I have to take care of you. My dear, don't be foolhardy. Take my advice, just this once, and don't make a fool of yourself. Remember, you are not used to it."

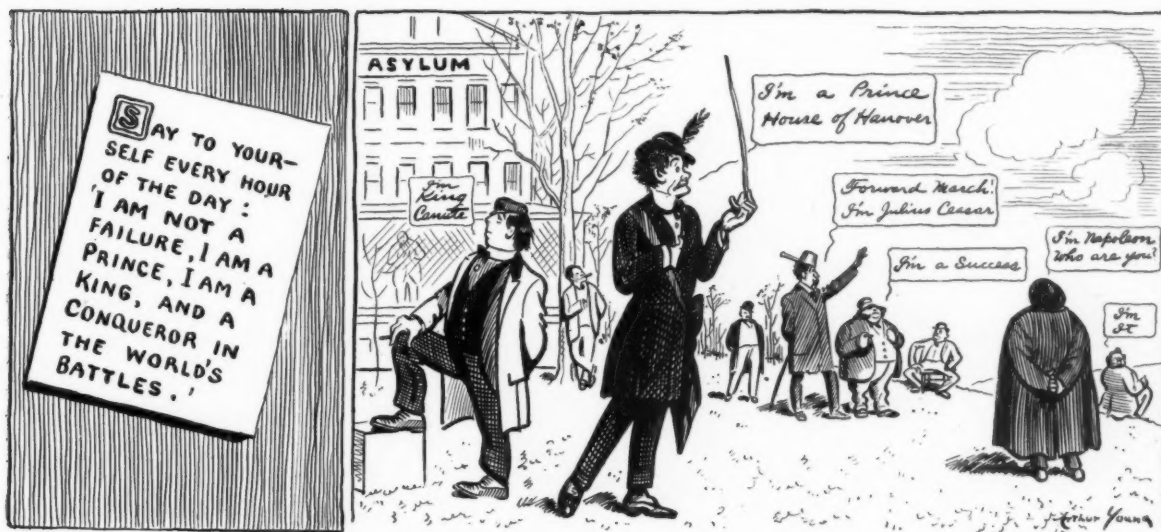
"Used to it! I like that! Ha! Do you realize, madam, that they take delicate, dying people right out in the open, with the thermometer below zero, and they get well by leaps and bounds?"

"Well, maybe they do," murmured



TECHNICAL

Nurse: I'M TAKING HIS HEART, MADAM, BEFORE I GO.
"VERY WELL; BUT BE SURE YOU LEAVE IT."



AUTO SUGGESTION LITERATURE

AND THEN—

Mrs. Winkle, "but I think I know something about you. However, if you are bent on it, all right. But remember!"

"Oh, I'll remember!"

Toward evening the thermometer began to drop. Outside the wind blew clear and sharp. Winkle and his wife sat down after dinner by the cosy fire, but it was evident that Winkle, even before their regular bedtime, was beginning to get uneasy, and as the hour approached, his joyousness increased.

"Just wait!" he exclaimed. "We'll

all be sleeping out there in a couple of weeks. I'm only the advance guard. When you see what it does for me, then you'll save your own life."

A few moments later, arrayed in a patent flannel robe that he had purchased for the occasion, he solemnly—and with as much dignity as his covering permitted—kissed her good night. The door closed behind him. All was silence.

That thermometer, however, was still doing business at the same old stand. And the wind, how it blew!

* * *

It was midnight. The door of Mrs. Winkle's room softly opened. A dark form stole silently in. It stood by her bedside.

"Wake up!"

Mrs. Winkle, still drowsy, muttered, "Well, what is it?"

"I don't think," chattered Winkle, his teeth playing like castanets, "that I got that flap fixed just right. But I'll fix it to-morrow. Brr. Guess I'll come in with you."

Mrs. Winkle began to awake to her peril.

"No, you won't!" she cried. "I'm nice and warm and cosy, and I'm Oh! so sleepy, too. You go away and don't bother me."

"Brr."

Winkle began to dance up and down, as well as he could, considering the fact that he was nearly frozen.

"Let me in, I say. I want to get warm."

Mrs. Winkle rose up in bed.

"Never! You go away. You've made your bed—you go and lie in it. Do you suppose I'm going to have you warm yourself at my expense? Never!"

"You're a heartless woman. I wouldn't turn away a dog on a night like this. Hear the wind blow. Brr!"

"You go away!"

Mrs. Winkle was in that somnolent state where the law of self-preservation was the first consideration.

"But, dearest! Sweetheart! I never was so cold in my life. I can feel pneumonia coming on."

Mrs. Winkle only covered up her ears the more. The dim spectre of her shivering husband made her all the worse.

"I don't care," she muttered, "you just go away and don't bother me. I wouldn't let you get in here for a million dollars."

And shaking and shivering the flannel-robed spectre silently stole away.

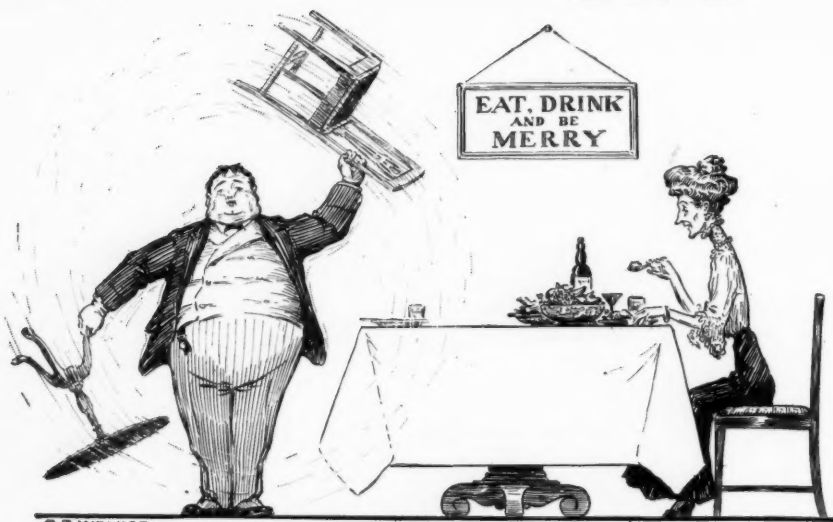
The next morning early Mrs. Winkle awoke with a start, a vague something on her mind and conscience. As she regained her senses repentance filled her soul. She sprang out of bed and ran through the house searching for her husband.

She found him at last, stretched before the grate fire, upon which he had evidently passed most of the night heaping wood—judging by the pile of ashes.

"Please forgive me," she cried, "but



LOVE KNOWS THE WEIGH



Jack Spratt was getting fat,
His wife was getting le-an.
He Fletcherized and exercised,
She turned Epicurean.

really I couldn't, I couldn't! It took too much moral courage last night."

Winkle threw off a bear skin rug, a steamer blanket, an afghan and a knitted shawl and emerged.

"My dear," he said, "I wish I could forgive you. But when I think of that nice warm bed, and me standing outside frozen to death, it's too much to ask of any man. But maybe next summer, when I have thoroughly thawed out, and the birds are singing in the trees, and the buds are bursting—maybe then I shall forget and forgive!"

Thomas L. Masson.



Mr. Duck. WHAT'S GOOD FOR THE TEETH
MUST BE GOOD FOR THE GIZZARD, TOO!

A GOOD backbone is better than a big wishbone.



Hippo: I'VE GOT A TOOTHACHE.
Dr. Monk: INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL?

Serious Work

"Kirke's Handbook on Physiology," page 173, 1908. Textbook at Cornell University. He (Paul Bert) grafted the tip of a rat's tail either to the back of the same rat, or to the nose of another. When union had been effected, the tail was amputated near its base. After a time, irritation of the end of the trunk-like appendage on the back or nose of the rat gave rise to sensation. The impulse thus passed from base to tip, instead of from tip to base, as formerly. This experiment does not, however, prove the point at all. Exactly the same objection holds to another series of experiments, in which the motor and sensory nerves of the tongue were divided and united crosswise. Though these experiments do not prove what they were intended to, they are of considerable interest in themselves."

WELL, rather. But if you caught children in that business wouldn't they catch it!

MANY a girl thinks she has broken her heart when she has only sprained her imagination.

Morality and Responsibility

AN eminent lady-suffragist has said that influence without responsibility is immoral. How about responsibility without power? Is not that immoral, too? But it is the men who finally have the power. Their physical strength and fighting ability exceeds women's, and on physical strength political power finally rests.

Is it not immoral, then, that women should vote, who have not the power to enforce their will as their votes express it, but must depend for that upon the thews of men? Their votes, if they had them, would stand, not for power, but purely for influence. If influence without votes is immoral, it does not gain an atom of morality by gaining votes, for it is still influence and nothing else.

Whether woman's influence with man—which is enormous—expresses itself through the man's vote, or through the vote which he permits woman to cast, is not a matter of very much moment. The possession of superior physical power—and probably superior mental power, also—places on man a responsibility which he neither invited nor created, and of which he can by no means rid himself by so simple an expedient as granting the suffrage to women. Whether women vote or not, political responsibility will still rest upon man. To enforce the laws and defend the realm will inevitably continue to be his part, just as it has always been. The apparent order of things may be changed somewhat by general consent. The real order of things cannot be changed—at least, not for long. Men did not institute it, and cannot change it. The Power that made men and women settled in a large way their relations, leaving them nothing more to do about it than to work out details, and attain to harmony as individuals in such measure as they could.



CARRYING THINGS TO EXTREMES



SCIENCE AND HILTH

"THOT'S A DOM FOONY PLACE TO BE TAKIN' YER AISE, HOGAN. AREN'T YEZ COWLD?"

"OI T'INK OI AM, BUT OI'M NOT. OI'VE BECOME A CHRISTIAN SOIENTIST."

"BUT WUDDENT YEZ BE MORE COOMFORTABLE ON THE BANK?"

"THOT'S THE DIVIL UV IT, FLAHERTY; OI'D T'INK OI WUZ, BUT OI WUDDENT BE."

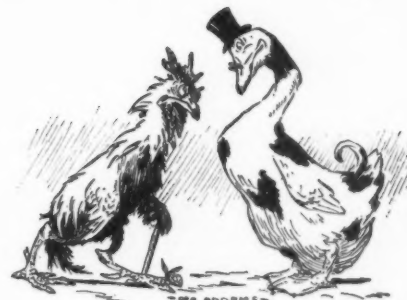
Nothing Like Being Obliging

CUSTOMER: Waiter, isn't there something peculiar about these oysters?

WAITER: Is there, sir? Try another, sir, and if that's off, I'll change the order.

A True Sport

SMALL BOY (to his pale-faced aunt, in field): What, Auntie, afraid of that cow? All you have to do is to act the way they do in a bull fight. Just wave your red parasol at him, and when he dashes up jump lightly aside. It's dead easy.



Dr. Quack: HM-M, ALL STIFFENED UP, EH? TAKE A LONG SWIM EVERY DAY.

A Spring Fling

Rain,
Snow,
Sleet,
Blow.
Fog,
Freeze,
Thaw,
Sneeze.
Grippe,
Shake,
Fever,
Ache.
Pleasant
Thing,
Gentle
Spring.

Ethics of the Case

"LOOK here, doctor," says the ex-patient, coming into the physician's office with a determined expression, "I've just had the x-rays turned on me, and I find that when you operated on me you left a pair of surgical scissors in me."

"Bless me!" says the specialist. "I had missed them. Thank you, so much, my good man. I will add their cost to your bill."

"MY wife can cook," said the benedict, proudly.

"Don't worry! Maybe she won't," answered the bachelor.

THE DOCTOR: Young man, it will not do for you to stick in an office. You must get out doors—must have air. By the way, what is your occupation?

PATIENT: I am an aeronaut.

"HOW Tillie's clothes hang about her! Why, they don't fit her at all."

"But think how much worse she would look if they did!"



Manager: VY YOU STOP DE REHERZAL, ISIDORE?

Stage Director: I HAF BEEN TELLING DOT AUTHOR ALL MORNING DOT VOT VE VANT IS NEW FEATURES, AND NOW HE GITS MAD AND SAYS, "VEL, VY DON'T YOU PEGIN VIT YOUR NOSES?"



The Beginning of the Spring Season



THE influence of the church on the stage may be weakening, but this year religion has had its revenge by making Easter late and thereby shortening up the spring season, which cannot begin until Holy Week has let go its grip on the pleasures of a considerable portion of the public. The harvest time of a spring production is at best short, and it is surprising that so many theatrical ventures should be launched just at this time, when hot weather is so near at hand.

MOST agreeable of all the new plays to write about is "The Climax." It made its first appearance so quietly and with so little heralding that no one thought much about it. As this is written it is playing only four matinees a week at Weber's, where its direct antithesis, the lurid "Girl from Rector's" holds the stage in the evening. It deserves a better fate. Four characters make up the entire cast of this little play, but their impersonators have been most judiciously chosen and put in an excellent setting, with the result that the atmosphere and story both seem very real. The plot is a simple one, drawn from the career of a young girl studying for the operatic stage. Through the story runs a vein of sentiment with a very much subordinated musical accompaniment which finds form at last in the appealing melody of "The Song of the Soul." The character of *Adelina* calls for an artist who can both sing and act. The demand is fully answered by Leona Watson, hitherto unknown

to metropolitan fame, but who sings well, acts more than adequately, and also possesses a speaking voice and delivery delightful to hear. Her performance is matched by that of Mr. Albert Bruning, who makes *Golfanti*, her singing instructor, a character study, on much the same lines as Mr. Warfield's *von Barwig*. Mr. Pinto and Mr. Lewers faithfully complete the picture as the rival lovers of *Adelina*, one a young pianist and composer, the other as a young doctor, with ideas of mental suggestion. Bar a little tendency to nurse their "points" these artists work wonderfully well together.

Whether you are musical or not you will enjoy "The Climax." It is a clean and delightful play, artistically presented.



VEN experienced critics are sometimes misled in judging an artist's work by the feeling of antipathy to a character roused by the dramatist's drawing of it. In creating *Joan Thornton*, in "The Happy Marriage," Mr. Clyde Fitch provokes a feeling of contempt for this feather-brained, inconsequential nuisance of a young wife and mother which carries beyond the character, and, unless one is careful, lands on Miss Doris Keane, the young actress who portrays it, and portrays it so faithfully that she gains not a particle of sympathy from the audience. It may be that *Joans* are not plenty in real life, but they do exist in New York society. Mr. Fitch, in bringing her to the stage, has again shown that faculty for accurately noting certain types of contemporary femininity and analyzing them which is one of his most valuable assets as a popular dramatist. She is the only woman character of importance in the play, and her weakness, silliness and brainlessness make Mr. Fitch's men characters appear, by comparison, actually strong, which is an unusual thing in Mr. Fitch's plays. Miss Keane makes the part consistent. In its lighter moments she



"I HAVE HER BUT I WILL NOT KEEP HER LONG."

—Richard III.

makes this doll-wife a clinging, over-affectionate bore to her matter-of-fact husband. In the passages of stress she shows no emotional or mental depths, and it would be inconsistent if she did. The author has provided no possible transition for his heroine from earlier shallowness of character to a later development of womanly strength. In fact, none of his characters are especially attractive; his husband-hero being a liar, unnecessarily so, except for the plot, and the lover villain a weak-minded cad. The former, Mr. Edwin Arden plays in stolid but convincing fashion, and the latter Mr. Milton Sills makes sufficiently soft-spined to be possible. The play itself is rather thinly varnished with Mr. Fitch's clever dialogue and business, but possesses more cumulative interest than he usually bestows upon his plots.

In "The Happy Marriage" it seems rather a mistake to have made the sole female character one who arouses the antagonism of every man in the audience.



"GOING SOME"

is farce in dramatic rag-time. Its authors, Messrs. Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach, got an idea and

then double-syncopated it with laughs. Its hero and also its plot is a counterfeit Yale athlete, who finds himself on a New Mexico ranch, where he is compelled by circumstances to run a real foot-race for the honor of the cowboy outfit, with dire consequences in the way of long-barrelled shooting-irons if he doesn't win. That doesn't sound uproariously funny, does it? But through the whole two acts of the piece silence has hardly succeeded to one roar of laughter before it is broken by another. The three principal fun-makers are Mr. Lawrence Wheat, as the athlete who isn't an athlete; Mr. Walter Jones, a professional trainer employed as a veracious background, and Mr. Herbert Cothell, a glee-club tenor, who knows only two songs and insists on singing one of them. Local color is supplied by a number of humorous cowboys and pleasant young ladies of the ranch.

Would-be suicides will find "Going Some" a deterrent.



ANOTHER case of the Sunday comic supplement. This time it was called "The Gay Life," and was a supposedly



MISS DORIS KEANE IN MR. FITCH'S "THE HAPPY MARRIAGE."

laughable depiction of the circles of society whose doings are reported with pen and pencil by Mr. Roy L. McCardell. This conglomeration of slang and vulgarity, unilluminated by a spark of genuine humor, might have served a useful purpose if all the owners and editors of Sunday newspapers could have been chained in seats through its performance. Then they might have observed by the effects of this kind of thing on a human audience that their newspapers sell in spite of their printing this kind of stuff and not because they print it.

And the saddest thing about "The Gay Life" is that it was produced at Daly's Theatre, and with Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske as the responsible manager.



"THE BEAUTY SPOT," at the Peascoe, is a conventional musical comedy, but more than usually entertaining for that kind of attraction. The book, by Mr. Joseph W. Herbert, is absurd, which it is expected to be, but it contains a sufficient number of laughs

to make it go. Mr. De Koven's music strikes out in no new directions and aspires to no high standards, but several of his numbers are pretty and several are humorous, which is all that is absolutely required in musical comedy. Mr. Jefferson De Angelis supplies the name of a comedian to head the programme, and has two rather amusing songs. The star of the production is Marguerite Clark, whose voice is always an agreeable surprise, coming from such a dainty and diminutive body. In the chorus, which is one of the most vital assets of musical comedy, the prevailing style in gowns makes it necessary to bring to the front a preponderance of tall and stately beauties, who rather eclipse in attractiveness the "shrimps" who have so long monopolized this important industry.

"The Beauty Spot" is good, of its kind.

Metcalf.



Academy of Music—Mr. Robert Mantell, in Shakespearean repertory.

Astor—"The Man from Home." The apotheosis of Indiana chivalry in comedy form.

Belasco—"Going Some." See opposite.

Bijou—"A Gentleman from Mississippi." Mr. Thomas Wise and Mr. Douglass Fairbanks having much fun with the ways of Washington.

Broadway—The Johnson-Burns prize-fight in moving pictures.

Casino—"Havana." Imported musical comedy, notable chiefly for Mr. James T. Powers and the "Hello, People," octette.

Criterion—Elsie Janis in "The Fair Co-Ed."

Daly's—"The Gay Life." See opposite.

Empire—"What Every Woman Knows." Mr. J. M. Barrie's polished merriment, with Scotch characteristics as a basis.

Garrick—Miss Doris Keane as the star in Mr. Fitch's "The Happy Marriage." See opposite.

Hackett—Grace George in "A Woman's Way." Delightful up-to-date comedy delightfully acted.

Herald Square—"The Beauty Spot." See opposite.

Hippodrome—Circus, ballet, and spectacle of water and air.

Hudson—"The Third Degree." Absorbing drama based on police methods.

Mailetic—"The Climax." See opposite.

Marine Elliott's Theatre—"The Bachelor." Mr. Charles Cherry and good company in very light comedy by Mr. Fitch.

Savoy—Olga Nethersole. Notice later.

Wallack—Henrietta Crossman in "Sham." Agreeable and well acted comedy of New York society life.

NOT FOR THE YOUNG PERSON.

Circle—"The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." Musical farce for the low-browed.

Lyric—"The Blue Mouse." German farce transplanted to American surroundings by Mr. Fitch. Funny.

Stuyvesant—"The Easiest Way." Types from the Tenderloin accurately drawn by Mr. Eugene Walter and excellent company.

Weber's—"The Girl from Rector's." French farce, not particularly clever.

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SPECIAL
CONSULTAT
100. FIVE
\$10 PER
THERE
WE GUAR
FIND SOME
SERIOUS T
WITH Y
WE STRIVE
TO



Complaint of the Convalescent

WHEN you're sick in bed of something,
And hate the sight of food;
When the tinkle of a teaspoon
Is torture to your mood;
Nurse will come to you at intervals
That haven't any length;
And it's, "Eat this all, now, quickly,
For you must keep up your strength."

But when you're really better,
And your appetite is fine;
When your chief and only longing
Is substantially to dine,
Nurse will bring you something sloppy,
After ages, ages long;
And it's, "Just a little, slowly,
For you know you are not strong."

Oh, it may be she's an angel—
I have thought she was, myself;
But now I *am* so hungry—
Is there nothing on the shelf?
I want some cheese and crackers,
Or a slice of cold mince pie;
And it's, "You may have some jelly,
Lemon jelly, by and by."

—Geraldine Meyrick.



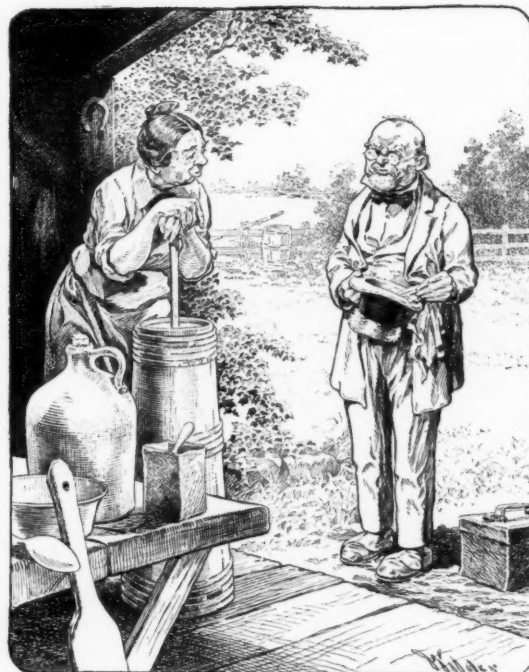
The "New" Digestion

THE "new" digestion is following closely upon the heels of the new thought. One may travel to the ends of the wide world with a stomach full of buckwheat cakes and sausages; one may experience the fullest measure of spiritual inspiration on cold cabbage and ice cream; one may listen to music without distress immediately after a welsh rarebit and a broiled lobster.

The secret is simple. One must be fearless. The slightest suggestion of timidity, the slightest hesitancy in selection, the remotest glimmering of caution, will be followed by unhappy results, in proportion to the fear of the consequences the victim has expressed.

There is an old admonition, "Be bold, but not too bold." This does not apply to the "new" digestion. It has been revised now to read, "Be bold; you cannot be bold enough."

On arising in the morning it is possible that your thoughts may turn to molasses candy; this is what your subliminal self demands, your psychic consciousness insists upon. If the desire at first is faint this is only because through long generations of mental slavery your natural inclinations have been buried under conventions. Encourage this desire for molasses candy, let the first faint glimmerings of an awakening freedom be rewarded, and your soul—also your stomach—will begin to smile through the clouds. Molasses candy at



"SO YOU'RE FEELING PERFECTLY WELL AGAIN, AND NEVER TOUCHED THE MEDICINE I GAVE YOU, EH? YOU MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE, MRS. TIBBS, A GRAVE MISTAKE."

"HOW SO, DOCTOR?"

"WHY, IF YOU'D TAKEN MY MEDICINE, YOU'D HAVE KNOWN WHAT CURED YOU, AND AS IT IS, YOU HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA."

seven o'clock, instead of oatmeal, is what you have been craving for.

And remember that in proportion as you succeed in throwing off the fetters, and establishing a gastric freedom, will the book you are going to write about it sell. Therefore, eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you will begin collecting royalties.

Socialism Illustrated

IN the game called Montana the purpose is to get rid of your cards by piling them on the aces. When each player piles all his cards, as sometimes happens, everybody succeeds perfectly, but there is no score. "An exact illustration of perfected socialism," Macpherson calls that. Each player has worked strenuously in active competition, and has had all the fun of that, but has nothing to show for it.

Isn't Macpherson right? Doesn't the socialistic plan seek to provide that everybody shall have the fun of living, but that nobody shall score?

Rather Disconcerting

"LADIES and gentlemen," says the chairman of the meeting that has been called to hear a lecture on the mental healing of disease, "instead of being addressed by Mr. Thinkitt Owte, as was announced, we shall have the pleasure of listening to Mr. Heelin Thott, who comes as a substitute for Mr. Owte, who is suddenly attacked by indigestion, and asks the silent waves of those present."



THE HYPOCHONDRIAC

No Mystery

PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS has the artist's touch. In a recent speech he thus referred to a New York newspaper:

"And there is a morning paper," he added, "famous for its ability, infamous for its malignity. There are few good causes that it has not derided; there are few good men that it has not abused; and there are few bad men that it has not praised. If it had existed 1,900 years ago it would have been the organ of the money-changers in the temple. It would have misreported and misrepresented the Sermon on the Mount. It would have sent one of its bright young men to write a comic account of the Crucifixion; and it would have opened its columns for a subscription for Judas Iscariot. I see that I do not need to name the paper."

No prize was offered for the correct guess—perhaps because it was too easy.

The Gourmet's Philosophy

EAT, drink and be merry,
For to-morrow you shall diet.

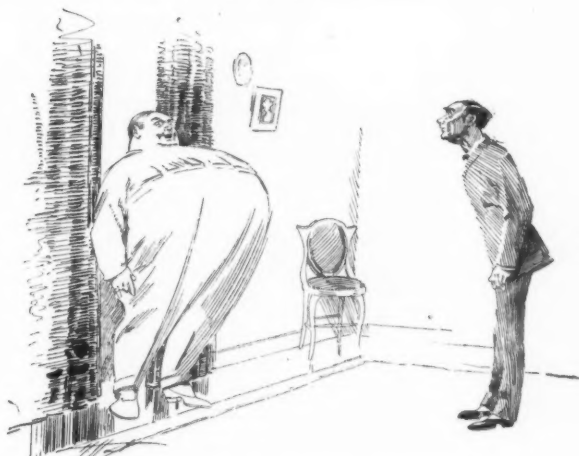
Excusable Mistake

—at another meeting presided over by the venerable Mrs. Humphry Ward.—*The Evening Sun*.

YOU'VE got it mixed, neighbor. The venerable Mrs. Ward's name is Howe.

ALL the mining stock that glitters is not gold.

MANY a man thinks he is only flirting with a girl when he is really flirting with trouble.



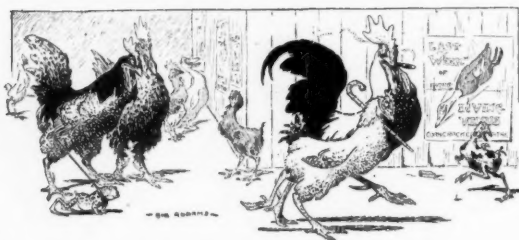
"WILSON, WHERE ARE MY FLANNEL TROUSERS?"

"THEY ARE ON YOU, SIR!"

"ON ME! GRACIOUS, THEY ARE SO LIGHT THAT I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'M WEARING THEM!"



METAMORPHOSIS



"WHAT ON EARTH DID HE MARRY HER FOR?"
 "BECAUSE HER MOTHER IS AN INCUBATOR."

Soft Hands and Hard Words Built It

NEW YORK'S new Queensboro bridge is enormous and imposing. It cost twenty million dollars and looks it. Therein it is in contrast with Mr. Carnegie, who cost 350 millions and doesn't look like *one*. Walk over this wonderful bridge and get a new impression of the stupendous tasks the puny hands of men may accomplish. Soft little hands of men built it—soft hands and hard words. It is amazing what they can accomplish.

AFTER an unkind remark about the coffee his landlady asked acridly: "You've heard of bricks without straw, haven't you?"

"Yes," replied the backroom boarder. "It sounds like my mattress."

STOCKINGS MUST NOT GO HIGHER, WOMEN DECLARE.—Headline in daily paper.

WE have reliable information that they can't go much higher without a revision of human anatomy.

Hurried It Up

"DIDN'T you propose to her sooner than you expected?"
 "Yes, but you see, old man, I didn't want to exhaust all my topics of conversation before we were married."

Would Naples Care to Swap?

MR. ROOSEVELT'S recent visit to Naples brought that city more into public notice than anything that has happened to it since the last severe eruption of Vesuvius. Mr. Roosevelt would be at least as good an advertisement for Naples as Vesuvius, and less destructive when he erupts. At least we guess he would be less destructive, but everybody may not think so, and if the Neapolitans should care to swap Vesuvius for Roosevelt, maybe it could be arranged.

Just as soon as a couple have a baby they try to hush it up.



"WHY WON'T YOU PLAY WITH ME ANY MORE?"

"YOU MAY BE ALL RIGHT, WILLIE, BUT I CAN'T STAND THE GAMES YOU PLAY."



"AND PURSUE WITH EAGERNESS THE PHANTOMS OF HOPE"—

Sam Johnson.



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

The Dispossessed Heart

Fair Mabel had a dainty waist,
A triumph of the fashion's art,
But, ah, so tightly was it laced
There wasn't room for Mabel's heart.

The hapless heart was in despair;
"I must beat somewhere! I believe
I've heard a pretty girl will wear
Her heart sometimes upon her sleeve."

But Mabel's sleeve clung like a skin
To Mabel's softly-rounded arm—
The beating heart could not squeeze in.
It looked about in vague alarm:

"Well, well! I must try other routes.
Of timid maids I've heard it said,
Often their hearts are in their boots!"
And downward then it quickly sped.

"Ah, this place," said the heart, "I choose!"
Alas, it found no room to beat—
The little patent-leather shoes
So snugly fitted Mabel's feet.

Now, though deep fear the poor heart smote,
It thought: "Sometimes a girl can't sing
Because her heart is in her throat;
I do believe that's just the thing!"

To Mabel's lovely throat it stole,
But once again—poor, luckless wight—
It failed to reach its longed-for goal—
Her collar was so high and tight!

The desperate heart, despairing, sighed,
"There's no place left but Mabel's hat.
Aha! I'm saved!" with joy it cried—
For there was lots of room on that!

—Carolyn Wells in *Saturday Evening Post*.



It's not a question of rent,
Location, view, or size.
The entrance looks inviting,
But does it Fletcherize?

Varied Programme

The women of an Indiana town recently organized a literary club, and for a while every-thing was lovely.

"Alice," asked the husband of one of the members, upon her return home from one of the meetings, "what was the topic under discussion by the club this afternoon?"

Alice couldn't remember at first. Finally, however, she exclaimed:

"Oh, yes, I recollect! We discussed that brazen-looking woman that's just moved in across the street and Longfellow."—*Philadelphia Record*.

BEING pursued by a farmer and his three sons after being caught in the chicken yard, a young colored person had just made up his mind that he was not eluding his followers as quickly as might be when a long-eared jack rabbit jumped up from the roadside and started down the road ahead of him. The would-be chicken thief had run a few hundred feet further when the farmer and his boys were astonished to hear the negro shout, in a voice that quavered with fright, though unrestrained: "Say, for de Lord sake, you rabbit, get out ob de way and let some one run who can run."—*Argonaut*.

Advice

FATHER (angrily): If my son marries that actress I shall cut him off absolutely, and you can tell him so.

LEGAL ADVISER: I know a better plan than that—tell the girl.—*Boston Transcript*.

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but not to *wear* them. Sometimes
you enjoy wearing shoes if you can
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of their purchase. Both Men & Wo-
men secure *both* enjoyments in

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GEORGE PORTER, Highland Farm, Langdon, New Hampshire.

The Doctor's Real Opinion

One of two sisters who lived together was suddenly taken with a lung attack she feared was serious. She therefore sent for a specialist and asked her doctor to meet him. Talking over his coming with her sister, she said: "Mona, I wish I could know Sir Henry B.'s real opinion. Neither he nor Dr. M. will tell us if there is anything really wrong, but I would much rather know."

Her sister replied: "Do not worry, dearest; you shall know everything, for I will go down to the dining room and stand behind the big oak screen and listen to every word they say."

"And will you be sure and tell me, Mona?"

"You may rely on that, dearest; I will tell you every word."

"Even if I am not to get well?"

"Even then, dearest," promised the loyal Mona.

The hour for the consultation arrived, and the sister went to the dining room, and standing behind the great oak screen, ensconced herself and prepared to listen.

By and by the two doctors were heard descending the stairs, and a moment later they came into the room. Walking over to the fireplace the specialist sank into an easy chair and the local doctor sank into another. Then followed a moment's silence, broken by the specialist, who leaned a little forward.

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IT MAKES AN OUTING OUTFIT COMPLETE

Winchester Guns and Winchester Ammunition—the Red W Brand—are Made for Each Other and Sold Everywhere.

"My dear M." he said, slowly, as he looked across at his colleague, "of all the ugly women, that's the very ugliest woman I've seen in my life."

"Is she?" replied the local doctor. "You wait until you've seen her sister."—London Telegraph.

A SOUTH MISSOURI man recently was tried on a charge of assault. The state brought into court as the weapons used a rail, an axe, a pair of tongs, a saw and a rifle. The defendant's counsel exhibited as the other man's weapons, a scythe blade, a pitchfork, a pistol and a hoe. The jury's verdict is said to have been: "Resolved, that we, the jury, would have given one dollar to have seen the fight."—Bellman.

Latest Books

On the Road to Arden, by Margaret Morse. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.00.)
The Biography of a Silver Fox, by Ernest Thompson Seton. (The Century Co. \$1.50.)
The Girl and the Bill, by Bannister Merwin. (Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.)
The Blue Bird, by Maurice Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.20.)

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As Requested

An official of the Superior Court of Cook County, Ill., which has jurisdiction in the matter of the naturalization of foreigners, tells the following:

"In October last a man named August Hulzberger took out his first papers. As he was about to leave the court room he was observed to scan very closely the official envelope in which had been enclosed the document that was to assist in his naturalization.

"In a few days August turned up again. Presenting himself to the clerk of the court, he bestowed upon that dignitary a broad Teutonic smile, saying:

"'Vell, here I vos.'

"'Pleased to see you, I'm sure,' said the clerk, with polite sarcasm. 'Would you mind adding who you are and why you are here?'

"August seemed surprised. He exhibited his official envelope. 'It says, "Return in five days,"' he explained, 'und here I vos!'"—*Harper's Weekly*.

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

Since Pa Has Bought a Limousine

The neighbors never pass us by unnoticed any more; They've ceased to tilt their noses high the way they did before. We're not looked down on by the Browns or snubbed by Mrs. Green— There's been a sudden change since pa has bought a limousine.

Ma gets invited out to tea or something every day, And boys that used to hoot at me have pleasant things to say; The callers come in style and show an interest that's keen In us and our affairs since pa has bought a limousine.

Sis used to sit here lookin' glum, because no beau would call. But now you ought to see them come!—they line up in the hall; Ma used to often fret, but she has learned to be serene, Although we're deep in debt since pa has bought a limousine.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE first Italian music master who went to Edinburgh one day was passing the Tron Church as the service was drawing to a close. The lonely Italian drew near the door and was startled. He said to the beadle: "What is that horrible noise I hear?" The beadle, much scandalized, answered: "That's the people praising God." The sad foreigner rejoined: "Then their God must have no ear for music," and, sorrowfully shaking his head, he walked away.—*Argonaut*.

The Game of Billiards

is less interesting at home because one does not play his best game on a private table. Table, balls and cues are the same, BUT—the cue tips and the chalk are different.

At the Club Billiard Room these small but important things are never neglected. Spinks' Chalk is found in leading Clubs because it prevents miscues—has a clinging smoothness not to be found in other chalk.

Spinks' Self-Sticker Cue Tips are made in one piece—easily attached and dependable in play.

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All for \$5.00, express paid anywhere.

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Send 30 cents in stamps for Sensational Picture of Miss Cue—12 x 18—for your Billiard Room.

A Literary Lion in Indiana

Marion tells of a bright gent whom he met at a village in Indiana.

"I reckon you are the celebrated Marion Crawford?" said the stranger.

"My name is Crawford," replied the novelist. "Allow me to introduce myself," said the other, "my name is Higgs. I am in the book line myself, and know how it goes."

"You are an author?" remarked Mr. Crawford. "I am glad to meet you."

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"It's purity has made it famous"

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The Voice of the People:

"Just the finest and most delightfully satisfying beer I've ever tasted."

Always the Same Good Old Blatz.

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Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet Inset on "Blatz."

Correspondence invited direct.

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO. MILWAUKEE

"Yes, I have published a book regularly every year since 1890."

"May I ask the name of your latest book?"

"It's the 'Premium List of the Jones County Agricultural Fair,'" responded Higgs. "Allow me to present you with a copy of it. I'm the secretary of the Jones County Board. We're going to beat all records this year. Air-machines, chariot races, baseball games and trials of speed on track till you can't rest. Come and spend the day with us, and it won't cost you a cent. Well, this is where I get off. Good-by, Mr. Crawford. Glad to have met you."

The genial secretary of Jones County Board wrung Mr. Crawford's hand, pushed his hat farther back on his head, strode down the aisle and got off the car, leaving the astonished author of "Mr. Isaacs" gasping for breath.—*The Wasp*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

Inhuman

A local band was one day playing at Dunfermline, when an old weaver came up and asked the bandmaster what they were playing. "That is 'The Death of Nelson,'" solemnly replied the bandmaster. "Ay, man," remarked the weaver, "ye ha'e gien him an awfu' death."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"Is he a young man of brains?"

"I really can't say. I've only met him in society."—*Judge*.



REAL ESTATE PROFITS

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Should Woman Speak?

It is hard to believe that at this late day there are those who, being sorely perturbed in mind, ask uneasily, "Should woman speak in public?"—and straightway the old wolf cries of "boldness—vanity—woman unsexed!" rise upon the air. Ah, la-la-la!

Some of woman's rights came to her after long waiting; some she worked hard for, and some she asked for prettily; but the right of free and unlimited speech was seized for her away back in Eden, when Eve filled with light, chattering persiflage the long silences left by Adam's heavy, slow moving tongue; and since she practices free speech by right of precedent—so why not let her speak in public?

Of course the public is human and should not be caused needless suffering, so that a woman with nothing to say should really not be permitted to climb upon a platform and say it at agonizing length. But when the thinking woman sincerely believes she has a message to deliver, or a promising plan to offer for the betterment of those who are in sore need of help—then "in God's name" let her speak as publicly as she pleases!

"Bold—vain—unsexed!" Oh, la-la-la! What nonsense! The woman who becomes a good public speaker learns to think more clearly, reason more closely; ceases to converse almost wholly in adjectives; conquers the inclination to describe her hat as "perfectly grand," a broken side-comb as "perfectly awful," a headache as "terrific," and Niagara as "just too sweet for words!" So you see a woman can benefit herself by public speaking.

It is surprising how the public's judgment as to the propriety or impropriety of the woman, who dares, is influenced by the suitability of her toilet, and her personal attractiveness while daring. The most eloquent woman on earth would be utterly flouted, jeered and condemned if she presented herself on the platform in bloomer or some other reform raiment, such as "common sense shoes—weight all from the shoulders; health-waist, without bones, etc., etc." No, no! Woman must first please the eye, then the public will lend her their ears, and probably end up with giving their hearts. Have you seen her? Have you sat in front and waited the coming of some woman, who is to speak against a cruel wrong, or plead for the passing of some new law; and no one cared very much, and every one was indifferent and cool? And then she comes rather hurriedly into view; charmingly gowned, a big, plummy hat, making a soft, shadowy frame for burnished hair, and a flushing and paling face, a touch of rose ointment on her lips—because excitement dries and pales and cracks them. A little ripple of applause greets this satisfactory first view. She lays some notes on the desk or table; her hand trembles, she shifts uneasily from one foot to the other. Then the hand suddenly goes up to the nape of her neck and nervously feels for any escaping scolding-lock. Then she smiles, a



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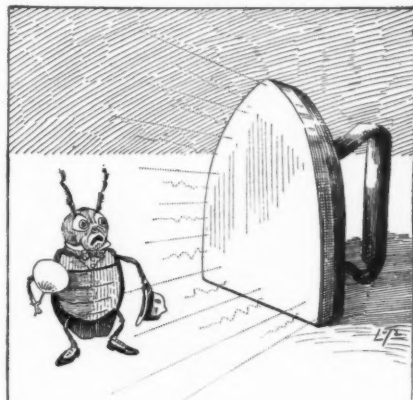
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shamed, deprecating little smile, and every heart thumps understandingly; every face smiles back, hands clap cheerily, and every one is ready and willing now to listen earnestly. And if, by and by, should feeling get the upper hand of calm argument, and a mist come into her eyes, and a little tremble to her lips, so that white teeth bite down hard on it for a moment—why it only wins sympathy for her cause, and people will say, "How much it means to her!" "I—I must look into this thing—she may be right!" and there you are!

Is she unsexed by an hour's earnest talk to a listening crowd—who can't talk back? That being the only difference between public speaking and private argument. La-la! The question is not, "Should woman speak in public?"—but, how the dickens are you going to stop her? And who wants to, so long as she looks well a-doing it?

Clara Morris

Willin'

A certain newly-elected Western Congressman met a society bud of Washington at his first reception.

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From Our Readers

From a Student of Medicine

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—It is remarkable that a paper so liberal as LIFE should bitterly attack a practice which is unanimously endorsed by those who best know its nature. Yet such is the case in your fight against animal experimentation.

Would any man refrain from killing a dog to save the life of his own child? I think not. Yet, when the scientist does the killing, that all mankind may reap the benefit, the token of gratitude is a cartoon representing him as a monster. No murmur is raised in behalf of the thousands of helpless steers daily driven to their death to feed us for a single day. But the trifling number of cats and dogs spared from dying neglected in the streets, that by dying in the laboratories the most painless death known they may save those we love from hitherto fatal diseases, is regarded in a different light. Their fate is denounced as brutal in cartoon and verse. To this you will perhaps say: "It is not the destruction of life we denounce, but the suffering inflicted." The answer is, that suffering is obviated by ether.

In reply to your statements that no good ever came from these experiments, I will cite an instance. I recently saw two adjacent beds in a hospital ward. In one was a child who had entered a few days before so sick with cerebro-

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spinal meningitis that a few years ago it would have been an almost hopeless case. But when I saw the boy he was comfortable, and had begun a painless and complete recovery. It was a brilliant cure, made possible through the recent work of the Rockefeller Institute in New York, the so-called "Hall of Agony." In the other bed lay a child comatose and dying of another kind of meningitis, for which the Rockefeller Institute has not yet found the cure. Can we recall how this work has been characterized without a thrill of indignation at the ingratitude with which men can receive this protection against disease?

Imagine an anti-vivisectionist whose child is bitten by a mad dog. Without treatment the child is in great danger of undergoing the most horrible death known, while with prompt treatment it can be averted. But that treatment was developed entirely through animal experiments. If the man is honorable, he must renounce his attacks on the work of science and accept its treatment, or sacrifice his child on the altar of the cause he has espoused.

The assailants of research are in essentially the same position whenever they send for a doctor. Medical treatment is so dependent upon knowledge obtained from animal experiments that to receive it is accepting stolen goods. In fact, our boards of health have so safeguarded us that no man can live in a civilized community without similar transgression.

To attack needless torture of animals by inexperienced students, if this were common, would be humane; and to attack medical bigotry, which is all too prevalent, is most desirable; but what medical man will heed the needed criticism when he sees in the same columns bitter assaults on a life-saving practice which he knows to be humanely conducted? The utter failure to discriminate between the faults of the profession and its noblest achievements destroys confidence in those who know the facts and robs your columns of the power to influence science for the better, which, if truth were their guide, they would surely have.

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About Women

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—For some time I have been amused by your attitude about women, as expressed in various articles in your amiable and trenchant paper. I have also been amused by some of the replies from women themselves, which you have been good enough to publish for the benefit of your readers.

The thing that has interested me, however, has been the fact that neither side has been right. The women, on their part, take too much umbrage over your criticisms, and you on your part wholly misconceive the relationship that women bear to the world in general.

(Continued on page 597)

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 596)

Most men make this mistake about women; and the reason they do it is because they strain too hard in endeavoring to find a definition of woman as woman.

The real truth of the matter is that women are not so different from men as is generally supposed. Every one of the criticisms that the average man makes about the average woman can be made about himself with equal truth. Are women changeable? So are men. Are women frail? So are men—and so on through the entire gamut.

Now there is really no difference between men and women, or at least one only of degree. If it were proper for me to do so, I could easily

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47

From Panama

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Although I cannot claim to be one of "the women writers of this country," and am not even anxious to embrace the opportunity to express myself on any of the subjects suggested (knowing that the "W. W." will do so at length), I would like the Woman's Edition to have a word from the Canal Zone. Life is real down here in this much discussed strip of territory, and at times to the women very uninteresting and monotonous, but LIFE gives much pleasure to at least one woman exile and her husband, who still retains a sense of humor and appreciation of all "LIFE's jests," even though he, as a physician, belongs to a class which has furnished much subject matter for this paper. After all, lots of women and lots of children are living in health and comfort in what was indeed a deadly place, because the doctors carried their theories into practice.

May LIFE never fail to reach Pier 57 in time to get the boat. You cheer us wonderfully.

A. I. D. E.

Financial Affection

"Do you love your enemies?" inquired the man of lofty principles.

"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "I don't exactly love 'em. But I appreciate 'em. My biggest profits have been derived from people who started in to fight me."—*Washington Star*.

JACK: Was her father violent when you asked for her hand?

TOM: Was he! Great Scott! I thought he would shake my arm off.—*Boston Transcript*.



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Yours truly,
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Lay of a Lazy Man

When the robins pipe in the morning breeze, and the beets hang ripe on the pumpkin trees; when the frost is hoar on the wooded hill, and the porkers roar for their morning swill; when the chickens squall in their chilly shed, then I hate to crawl from my nice, warm bed! When a snowy shroud is on dune and tarn, and the mules bray loud in the shabby barn; when the snowbirds flit in the leafless grove, and the fire's unlit in the kitchen stove; when the hydrant's froze, like the babbling creek, then I'd like to doze for about a week!—*Walt Mason in Emporia Gazette.*

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Other features of this number are "The Royal Shooting Box," which shows the manner in which Royalty enjoys itself; "The Cause of the Coolness," a delightful bucolic; and as for all the others—they are really too numerous to mention. They run all the way from a dead-game Deadville sport to a Hoboken tenderfoot.

OUT NEXT WEEK—On the News stands Tuesday, May 4th.

Please remember that this is Double number of LIFE. We can't tell the number of pages yet, but it will run over forty. That is "Going Some" for ten cents. Do you know anywhere else where you get so much for your money? If you are not a regular subscriber, don't subject yourself any more to that old reproach "By the way did you see that thing in LIFE?" Get it regularly and then you will not miss anything.

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COMING

May 20. College Number. (Colored cover by Clay)

The college girl is here given her true place in the economy of things. As for the college man, he has to take a back seat. Why not? Mr. Lowell's cartoon in this number is a peach, because it deals with peaches.

May 27. Matrimonial Number. (Colored cover by Ker)

A wonder. Every husband will hug this number to his bosom. Every wife will turn over a new leaf when she sees it. It has three merits: It is interesting, it is funny, and it is a great moral agent. What more do you want?

June 3. Summer Gadding. (Colored cover by Clay)

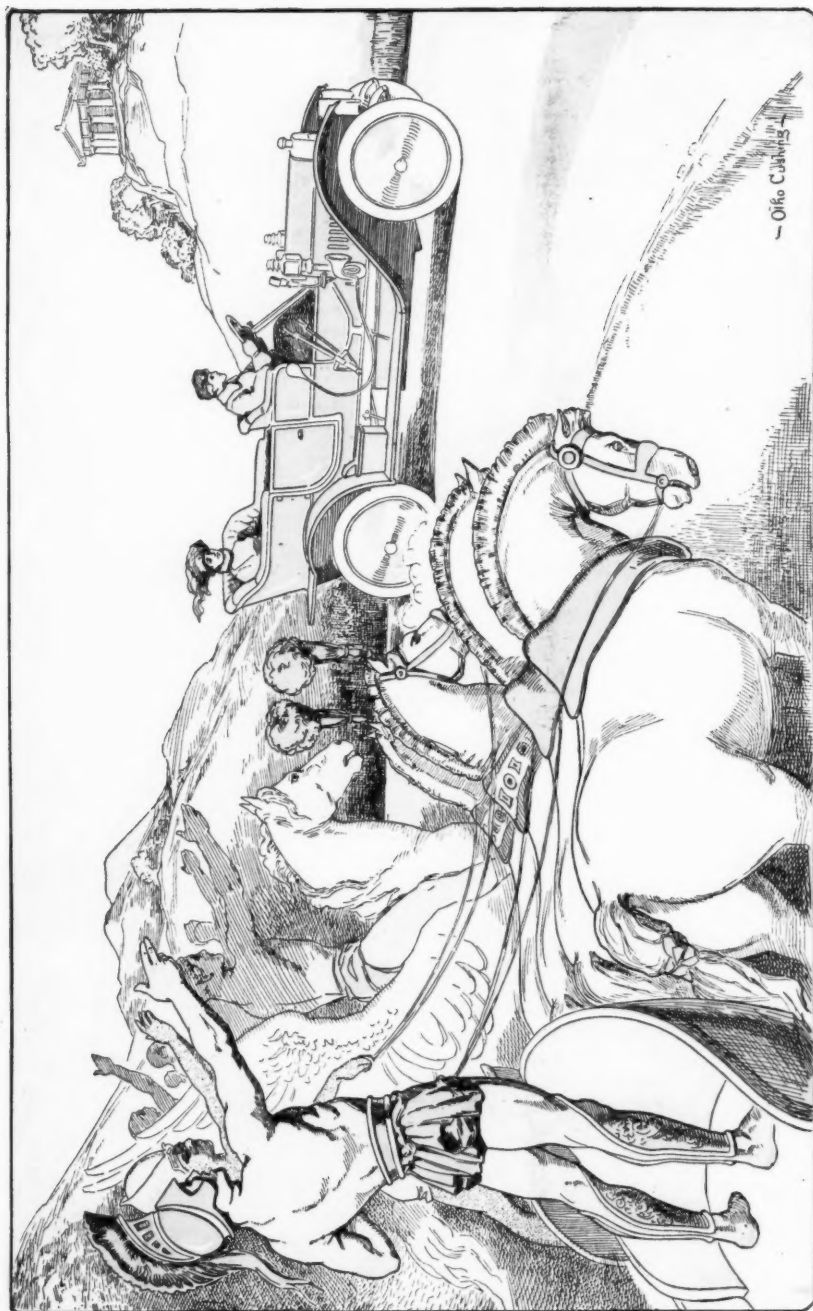
This number, unconsciously makes you want to be on the move. It is replete with that nervous energy which is the life-hold of all Americans. Out-doors. Travel. Speed. Zip! That's the way it makes you feel. Better than a tonic.

June 10. Flirts'. (Colored cover by Phillips)

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